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P O E M S



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BY

SIDNEY DE VERE BEAUCLERK

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MAIN

Dedication

TO MY MOTHER

*Love is a great awakener, and thine
Will yet awaken in me true return :
As when some gardener spends a wealth of love,
A wealth of thought, upon some spot of earth !
Day follows day, and still there is a dearth
Of loveliness ; in vain will he refine
And pulverise the ground, and water it above !*

*But Spring has broken, and her showers
Pour their riches on the place ;
The earth with hidden powers instinct
To greenest leaves is giving birth,
To shows of Nature's verdant worth,*

Dedication

*Richly crowned by living flowers ;
For Nature's bounty knows no stint—
And now the gardener thinks with smiling face,
My grace of love has brought an answering grace.*

*Cease not, dear Mother, to sow the golden seed ;
Within the garden of my soul will spring
The full response, at first a fragile reed !
But soon you will behold a mighty tree,
Whose branches spreading ever up and on
Shall year by year their leafy garment don,
From storm winds sheltering thee ;
Between its leaves the woodland birds shall sing,
And my glad soul with answering music ring.*

Venice

SHE slept! Her palaces in silence lay ;
Her bride, the ocean, whispered songs of love ;
But whence that crash, that tumult? From above
Or from below? The earthquake voices answer
deep "Away!"

Thus Heaven chastises with a warning hand
Unfaithful Italy! For Unbelief
Unveils her scornful face; and o'er the land
Spreads blighting sin—till Christ do bring
relief.

Faith lights the soul! Shall Dante's mighty sun
Have shone in vain? Venice to Florence
cries:

"Thy child yet lives! His work is but begun
Till Italy's repentance greets the skies!"

An Impression

*On hearing "The Lorelei" played on the Organ
at Stafford House.*

As from some other world the melody
 Surges and surges, till a rapture grows
Within my breast : soft waves envelop me ;
 And the lost soul no earthly trouble knows—
On those tempestuous sounds for ever driven,
So deeply blest, and yet all unforgiven !

On the Death of a Young Lady

THE dear one lies there sleeping,
 So young, so fair, so pale !
We fain would fall awweeping
 If tears could aught avail.

A blossom rich and tender
 Has fallen from the spray,
And Time, the old offender,
 Has borne its bloom away.

Yet, as ye gaze in wonder,
 How calm she seems and still :
The clouds have burst asunder,
 The rainbow's on the hill !

On the Death of a Young Lady

You'll greet her on the morrow :

Be then of better cheer,

Oh check, restrain your sorrow :

Her spirit is not here !

The Hut

A HUT, with creepers meets the view,
Half hid it lies mid odorous pine ;
Below it spreads a scene divine,
A valley-land of sombre hue.

Forgot it seems by humankind ;—
A blessed stillness everywhere !
Yet in it dwells a lady fair,
Crowned with a wise and noble mind.

Through the lone woods our steps we trace—
By shady walks ; where soft winds stir
With gentle touch each tapering fir,
And lights and shadows interlace.

The Hut

Here with a Shelley oft we stroll,
And drink in all his magic chords ;
While Nature's harmony affords
Yet deeper rapture to the soul.

Farewell, dear Hut ! For many a day
Thy soothing spell I may not feel !
Yet sometimes may sweet memories steal
Within my heart, though far away.

Music

WHEN music's spell is o'er us cast,
How strange life seems and sweet !
Recalling memories of the past ;
So dear, so soft ! Could they but last !
A rapture all too fleet !

Meeting

YEs ! She was fair ! Nor fair alone !

Her smile a thousand times repaid me
For aught of absence I had known :

A captive at her feet it laid me !

That face so sweet ! that form so fair !

Aroused my soul to deeds of daring !
A noble spirit lingered there ;
And in its sweetness I was sharing !

Lilies

GOD-POEMS ! lilies scenting the air,
Wonderful, rosy, divinely fair ;
Each slender stem can barely uphold
Such wealth of beauty, such store of gold ;
Below, long spear-like leaves of green ;
Above, long buds, a drooping screen ;
Each starry flower bends royally
From crystal couch in infinity,
Pistils and stamens of living joy,
Till Time their quivering grace destroy ;
Lilies golden as golden moon,
Each born for a maid as a lover's boon ;
Lilies red with speckled bliss
Waiting their doom, a fair maid's kiss.

On seeing an Altar-cloth, which was
being prepared for a Church

BEFORE my eyes unfold
In traceries of gold

A dainty work by lady's fingers' wrought :
Rich fruit is here portrayed,
And soon will it be laid

Before God's altar-stairs, a fair embodied
thought !

There, where the organ peals ;

There, where the sunbeam steals

Athwart the painted glass that speaks of joy
or doom,

On Seeing an Altar-cloth

Falling, with roseate light,
On the embroidery bright,
Whose colours seem on flame—then melt
away in gloom !

And many a pensive eye
Shall reverently descry
The emblem of the Saviour's work of love !
The bride half silent grow,
The tear-stained mourner know
An hour of peace and rest, that waits for
him above.

A Last Word

*(Lady Hamilton's farewell to Nelson before
Trafalgar)*

BE noble, my lover, and fight for the Right,
Where the sea-horses foam, and the sails gleam
bright :

I see thee the first in the rush and attack :
Let the woman's heart break, not the hero turn
back.

I hear thee deliver the word of command,
God's armies unseen all around thee do stand.
Is it love, then, or duty which quickens the strife ?
Both, both need the hero, to her love is life.

Thy Country shall crown thee with honour and
fame,

Shall name thee its saviour, forgetting my name !
Be it so, for they praise me in praising thee, dear,
As they whisper of Nelson who never knew fear !

A Woman's Remonstrance

CHILD of the gay world,
No angel am I,
With my bright wings unfurled,
In the sunshine I lie.

Pleased mirth and bright laughter
Are the food of my soul.
Some speak of Hereafter ;
Still the Rhine waters roll !

Still vineyards in beauty
Are kissed by the sun,
Let us laugh at dull duty,
Till the gladness is won !

A Woman's Remonstrance

And thou, oh, my dearest !

What, a cloud on thy brow !

When thy true love thou hearest ?

A love laggard thou !

Oh ! beware lest I leave thee,

Some convent to find !

I will, if you grieve me,

Though you call me unkind !

Then charm me still ever,

And kiss away care,

Still noble, still clever ;

In God's wayward air.

The Barrel Organ

DOWN a street which faces the Park

An organ-grinder we sometimes mark,
With smiling face and organ loud,
Facing the noisy city crowd ;
The while the organ seems to say
To lordly rich or proudly gay—

Love, love not, love not, love !

On the organ's front a minuet

Relates of days we half regret,
A dancing gallant and smiling maid
Hero long ago their fate obeyed ;
And still the organ plays the dance,
Singing mid whirl of fate and chance—

Love, love not, love not, love !

The Barrel Organ

When daylight lends us sunny cheer,
Its music sounds upon the ear,
Rising and falling as we pass on ;
But when stars their golden mantles don,
Its voice is hushed and soft memories tell
Of pathetic sounds we know full well—
Love, love not, love not, love !

In days of gladness and of pain,
In days half-freed from evil stain,
Through trial's chastening chords were heard
Those tones some strain of heart-feeling stirred,
Like a voice of God to the hearing ear,
Sounded those sounds of awe and fear—
Love, love not, love not, love !

Through those windows smiling down
Over blossoming trees, half country, half town,

The Barrel Organ

We saw the sunbeams stealing in,
And reveal soft scenes of love within ;
But without the organ's warning voice
Said to those who bade the long hours rejoice—
Love, love not, love not, love !

In front the laughing maidens dance,
And at jostling laddies smile askance ;
As if heirs of immortality
They pass the hours in careless glee ;
But above those sounds of whirling joy
Rose chords which no clamour could destroy—
Love, love not, love not, love !

From that house which fronts the trees
A lover came forth mid the wooing breeze,
In that chamber up on high
The sick one lay amid sob and sigh,

The Barrel Organ

And while grief united wild hearts that strayed,
Below the barrel organ played—

Love, love not, love not, love !

Those hours of joy and grief are past,
Flowers of Time which might not last,
And when soft Memory's pleading cry
Rises for moments of time gone by,
The remembered sound of the organ plays
In the sweet sad voices of bygone days—

Love, love not, love not, love !

Love not here, but yonder love,
Yonder in the world above,
Where love and joy shall never part,
Where parting never breaks the heart,
We hear like a voice of Almighty God,
This iconoclast with the chastening rod—

Love, love not, love not, love !

The Martyrs

You were grand, Master Latimer !

 In your rough simplicity,

Where love lived amid truth's stir,

Divine, too, unless I err,

 As you entered eternity.

You were grand, Master Ridley, too,

 And you greatly played the man ;

As the fire intenser grew,

They were savages, 't is true :

 They despised your nobler plan.

Something seemed to live on and on,

 A spark of your hidden fire.

Like a sunbeam shot from the sun it shone :

We saw it gleam, and, lo, it was gone,

 And yet could not expire.

The Three Travellers

DAME FORTUNE sat by her wheel one day,
When she spied three travellers pass her way.
The first was a King in ermined robe,
And he rode by tossing a blood-red globe ;
The second, a Priest in rich array,
Who boasted of driving the poor away ;
The third, a Pedlar of honest heart,
With gauds for maidens and silks for the mart.
Dame Fortune gives a turn to her wheel,
And out the rays of the new day steal.
Three travellers met her divining look,
For listless dreaming she cannot brook.

The Three Travellers

The first was a King, a prisoner grey,
And he sighed as he thought of his vanished sway ;
The second, a Priest, with shaven head
And whining voice, who begged his bread ;
The third a Pedlar she espied,
And with him a lovely and laughing bride.

On My Mother

WHAT form of beauty and fair desire

Is this we see ?

With loving glances and tender fire,

Holy is she !

Upon a bed a sick man lying

Looks smiling up ;

Where her voice sounds dark Suffering, flying,

Lets fall her cup.

Her gentle hand clasps wasted fingers

With soothing spell ;

While, watching near, an angel lingers

To guard her well.

On My Mother

HEROICALLY brave, tender yet strong,
Most generous, and faithful, nobly wise :
These part thee, Mother, from the common
 throng,
While joy from sorrow born lives in thine eyes.
Kind eyes so full of tenderness and strength,
Thy generous heart how ready to forgive,
Where, after mercy, judgment wakes at length,
Bidding the guilty fear, the wronged ones live.
A brighter future opes its golden door,
And God rains down soft blessings from above ;
Oh ! may these genial influences restore
Joy to a heart so hungering for love.

Sonnet on My Grandparents

AT first, a bride in beauty's peerless dower,
And next a mourner struck by poverty,
An alien in a foreign land we see,
Where kings do pay her court with pomp of
power.

Then see her bravely bear an altered hour,
Where lawless mobs through Paris wildly rage
Until her husband's gentle words assuage
The wounds of Fate, and tender succour shower;
And now they wander where the giant oak,
In fair Northamptonshire puts forth its might,
Fair children round them, when death's sudden
stroke

Doth part them twain, and now another sight !
In this heroic sufferer we behold
That youthful bride. The furnace trieth gold.

Lines to a Friend on his Coming of Age

UPON this festive day of laughing spring,
When woods teem rich with buds, with music
 ring,
I fain would greet thee, Cottenham ! May success
Attend thy path, and Heaven thy birthday bless !
Thy tenantry shall live to thank this day ;
A thousand noble duties line thy way ;
Blessings upon thee if thou use them well !
The orphan's smile, the widow's thanks shall
 swell,
The great account, which to thy Maker given
Shall win the Father's judgment, "Thou hast
 striven !"

Lines to a Friend

He gives thee sonship, and a noble name ;
Riches and power to enhance the same :
How blest thou art ! Thine, too, a Mother's care,
A youthful brother, and a sister fair.
Be noble, then ! Obey the heavenly call :
Be loved by many ; and be good to all !

On my Friend, Madame Perosio

AN aged gentlewoman with sweet eyes,
Whose noble look fills one with glad surprise ;
A faithful heart within that bosom beats,
Higher and truer as life's wave retreats.

Lines on a Morning Sky

BRIGHT sapphire, greeting my wakening eyes,
Set in white depths of fleecy skies ;
Radiant in blue intensity,
God's faithfulness shines through you to me !

A Garden of Flowers

ROSE and lily and violet fair,
Charming sight, and scenting air,
Grow in this garden *debonnaire*.

Rose majestic, peerless flower,
Grants to eager bees its dower,
Blooming in a golden hour.

Lily fair as jewelled snow,
Marks Night's silent overthrow,
Tempering sunlight's throb and glow.

Violet sweet as scented thyme,
Her petals emblems set in rhyme,
Breathing modesty sublime ;

A Garden of Flowers

And other flowers of wondrous hue
With sunny charm entrance the view ;
Ideal world ! bloom they for you ?

The Springtime

THE Springtime has come ! The voice of its
gladness

Steals into man's heart to banish his sadness :

The voices of birds vie one with the other ;

And each yellow primrose is kissing his brother.

Oh, the freshness of earth bursting forth into
bloom !

And the old year's leaves fulfilling their doom :

With the smile of God's azure piercing the
trees,

And the boom of the bee, and the sweet-scented
breeze !

The Springtime

While the stir of the leaves, with tremulous
motion,

Stirs lightly the heart, like a murmur of ocean ;

'Tis the year's resurrection ! The breath of the
rose !

And, stealing through all, a sense of repose !

A Posy of Flowers or a Bouquet of Golden Deeds

THE lily fragrance lends,
The haughty flower unbends,
 Bows low as if in prayer ;
The rose in beauty, too,
Entrancing meets the view,
 Her worship to be fair.

The white camellia pale
Adds light which dares not fail,
 Adds brilliancy divine ;
The orchid wonder brings,
God's peerless beauty sings,
 Its praises intertwine.

A Posy of Flowers

Posy of golden deeds,
The deathless hour speeds,
Which lays it at God's throne ;
They bloom more fair to Him,
Than other flow'rets dim,
Flowers never overblown.

“Peace, Woman’s Mission”

(*After Swinburne*)

AND High God took in hand
The making and moulding fine
Of the woman whom He had planned
To complete His work divine :
With love before and after,
With spirit of impulse free,
With music and tender laughter
And with children at her knee ;
Then He opened her eyes to gladness
To the meaning of to-day,
With its wonder and its sadness,
And its children at their play :

“Peace, Woman’s Mission ”

And He opened her eyes to beauty,
 To Art, and to Nature’s charm,
As He taught her the glory of duty ;
 Yet the children took no harm ;
And He showed her a kingdom’s glory,
 Based on her husband’s love ;
While He whispered the old old story,
 With peace around and above :
And He taught her how peace should flourish,
 Like a rose in his garden fair,
And how her sweet words might nourish
 Its seed in her children there.

The Gods of Olympus

VISIONS of wondrous beauty,
Scorners of low-born sin,
Not seekers of high-born duty,
Nor careful high heaven to win.

Fair forms of immortal glory,
With the gleam of each golden shield,
Ye gods of Olympian story,
To the breath of my ardour yield !

No legend are ye, or fable,
No dream of a bygone age,
Through earth's heavy mists I am able
Your innate beauty to guage.

The Gods of Olympus

Pallas ! thy name is sounded
Still from the hero's lips ;
In Greece thy praise abounded,
Victor 'gainst Persian ships.

Venus ! thy girdle golden
Falls for the mortal still,
And thy glory is beholden
On the Olympian hill.

Cupid ! thy love-tipped arrows
Yet pierce the cold wooer's heart,
The entrancing gladness harrows
Which tips the god-fashioned dart.

Mars ! thou lover of battle,
Yet in the fiery strife,
Thou scorner of grazing cattle,
Give me thy hero life !

The Gods of Olympus

Apollo ! thy beauty grant me,
With its strength of soul-piercing joy ;
Though the shining sun supplant thee,
This no presence can destroy.

Visions of wondrous beauty,
Scorners of low-born sin,
Not seekers of high-born duty,
Nor careful high heaven to win.

The Land that is Very Far Off

"Thine eyes shall behold the King in his glory."

FAR beyond Orion's belt
Lies a land
Where no grief or pain is felt,
Nor Sorrow's hand.

Dearest ! through these whirling stars,
Up on high,
Past the warlike planet Mars,
We will fly.

On thought's wings we leave behind
Little Earth,
Leave its weariness of mind,
Sins of birth.

The Land that is Very Far Off

Through the Milky Way we'll go,
Flying still,
Watch the sunny centres glow
At our will.

Meteors shoot athwart our path,
Curved flame,
And dead system's aftermath
Weep their blame !

Dearest ! through this winding maze,
Onward yet !
We will hymn the Maker's praise,
Sin forget.

Now one universe is past,
Like a sea,
We behold the spaces vast
Eternally.

The Land that is Very Far Off

Ah, beloved ! the light of love
 Guides our way,
Steals within us from above,
 Lest we stray.

Now another universe
 Opens out,
With its blessing and its curse
 Woven about.

Still our gaze can find no land
 Free from ill,
Still we see Ill's conflict grand
 With the Will.

Nature only half-redeemed,
 Star and star ;
Yonder world how fair it seemed
 From afar.

The Land that is Very Far Off

Dearest ! see the Shining Land

Drawing near,

See its lakes and hills expand,

With rivers clear.

Sounds of woe are never heard

Where Love is all,

Only song of singing bird

Or water-fall.

In God's light how shall we tell

All we see ;

From Evil's yoke our souls rebel

And we are free !

The Perfect Life ; or, The Spirit of the Perfect Rose

I WAS born,
On a golden morn,
In the ages of long ago ;
So sweetly fair,
A soft despair,
Amid Life's ebb and flow.

The white rose lent
Joy heaven-sent,
Fragrance and strength divine ;
The red rose gave,
Of Passion's wave,
And its beauty fair and fine.

The Perfect Life

The yellow, too,
Her glory threw,
Over my nakedness ;
The pink lent charm,
To soothe alarm,
Till glowed each varied tress.

And all around,
A joy profound,
Stirred life in my slender stem ;
Till the perfect rose,
From Heaven's repose,
Brought me its diadem.

My petals threw
A varied hue
Over emerald moss beneath ;

The Perfect Life

Faith's armour fair,
Dew born of air,
Decked me with sparkling wreath.

And still I wield,
Faith's potent shield,
And stay the future woe ;
I live and love,
Like God above,
The while the roses blow.

Death the Cocoon

First Spirit.

DEATH's spell is overpast,
His grave is made,
I followed fast
The outcast
To behold !
He is old !
He may not stay,
But must away.

Second Spirit.

Through portals fair,
From stair to stair

Death the Cocoon

Of Life I climb
The while I hear
The angels near,
In heavenly chime.

Third Spirit.

I have woven
A cocoon,
I have cloven
The abyss,
Nor felt Death's kiss,
Next life came soon :
I have entered
Another state,
Life is centered
In the will,

Death the Cocoon

I conquered Fate,
Nor felt Death's chill ;
A butterfly
Am I !

Chorus.

We speed from room to room,
Through the tranquil portal Death,
From Life to Life through gloom,
We yield no more our breath !
On to God,
To the throne,
He spares the rod,
If Christ atone.

Two Spirits

First Spirit.

LET us fly
Silently
Through the air,
Mid noon-day glare ;
Where beetles whirl,
Their wings unfurl ;
To a bower,
Where in shade,
Hour by hour,
Undismayed
We will rest,
Loveliest !

Two Spirits

Second Spirit.

Evermore
I am thine,
And adore ;
Where thrushes meek
Hymn glad refrain ;
And starlings seek
Food after rain ;
Where lilies grow
In rich overflow,
And magnolias blow ;
We will go,
To and fro,
Then pause to rest,
Dearest ! Best !

Le Présent et Ma Mère

Chère Mère, au voix si douce, au coeur si tendre,
Ta forme si belle, est pleine de grace, de charme,
Pourquoi si triste ? “ Les années portent la joie,
La tristesse, et la mort ” répond ta voix.

À l'homme est donné l'avenir et l'alarme . . .

Laisse l'avenir, à l'avenir se rendre !

Chère Mère ! pourquoi les larmes dans tes beaux
yeux ?

Tu est si jeune ! ta beauté vient des cieux !

Le présent est le notre, et l'embellir,

Donne bien à bien, et joie à l'avenir !



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